

AUNT JEAN'S LETTER.
Infirmary, Nurses, Donations,
A Twilight Visit, Incidents,
Lenten Thoughts.

DEAR FRIENDS:

What should a Mid-Lent letter be if not a message to hearts grown tender by daily communion with Him who spent these forty days and forty nights in deeper humbleness of spirit than we can ever know? I have not all of sunshine or all of shadow for you. There is just the blending which mellows all human pictures however satisfying. Our

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL is growing, and bounteous hands are now, as in all these twelve months, showering upon us the means of growth which should be unto us a means of grace. The brick annex is nearing completion. A leading spirit in progress of all kinds asked me, "How much will it cost to furnish a Students' Ward in your building? There ought to be some place like that for sick boys far from home and mother." Shall we not encourage the suggestion? This is the season of the year which has proved so trying to southern boys, and numbers of them are sick now. Oh, for a light sweet, pleasant room like that where our last sick girl patient is cared for; and how fervent her commendation of the House Beautiful, where our white-capped young nurses brighten the atmosphere of sickness. Not alone do they cheer these wards. Out into the homes where disease and death come they bear whatever of comfort may be theirs to give. So faithfully has Miss Westcott fulfilled her mission for a dear young girl this holy season, that though not mighty to save, yet the bereaved parents were unwilling to let her go for days afterwards.

AMONG THE POOR there was one suffering from neglect and wretchedness, whose needs were so soothed by Miss Larkin that her daily visit was hailed with inexpressible delight. Several public entertainments have interested the people in behalf of our needed fund, and to the question, "Are you going to become self-sustaining?" we answer that we are. "The Rajah" was played on the 7th of February, by a company of our amateurs and netted \$200. The beautiful Art Loan Exhibit which was conducted so cleverly and amiably by Miss Nettie McDowell and her assistants, yielded \$340, which Mr. J. M. Duff kindly made \$350. In one particular nook, beneath handsome portraits by distinguished artists, and surrounded by curios and treasures from every land, the sweet, bright spirit of the enterprise established John Scott, a delicate boy, whose game about the White House great men, was to be sold to help his widowed mother. Kind faces halted before his own pale cheeks, and hands were busy with purses till twenty-five dol-

lars had swelled his little treasury. On that last night, while rain poured in torrents, a message came that he must hasten home, his mother was ill.

SHE STILL LIES PROSTRATE on a bed of sickness, and the boy himself is threatened with a wasting disease. But he does not forget the sweet girl who was so kind to him. Night after night he has dreamed of her, with the tenacity of a frail organism and a precocious mind. On Washington's birthday the boy read an original sketch of the nation's hero, which did great credit to the memory of his father, the gallant officer, who sleeps in the Lexington cemetery. So while taking in money at the Art Loan for the House Beautiful, the sweet charity of helping others was not forgotten. And the money came in. Mrs. F. K. Hunt sent \$132; Mrs. Fitzhugh gave \$5; a friend sent \$9; another friend sent \$100; Miss Sue Scott \$5; Mrs. Katherine Reid gave \$264, the annual endowment fund for one cot, Mr. Will Pickett gave \$25; and

THUS THE WORK GOES ON. Mrs. F. Gorton has sent valuable papers for reading. Mr. J. C. Bryant, who has shown much kindness, sent some useful empty boxes and packages of garden seed. Dr. Scott, of New York, donated three boxes of medicine and one box of cocaine. Mrs. C. F. Simonds, who has given so much from the very first, sent one dozen cans of corn, ditto peaches; ditto peas; one dozen oranges, ditto apples, ditto bananas, also hominy, grits and candy. Mrs. Ben Bruce sent old papers, for which there are so many uses. Mrs. Warren, a glass of jelly, old papers, and two pounds of butter. She is always big-hearted and watching for a chance to help. Mrs. France has again sent some of her delicious crisp white celery, than which there is nothing more refreshing. Miss Johns sent parsley, a bit of green to vary the winter's bill of fare. Mrs. Goodloe gave an overcoat for Joe Preston, the little lame boy adopted by the institution. Messrs. Cassell & Price sent him two flannel shirts. Mrs. Dudley gave him stockings. Joe's ambition, however, was for a pair of "galluses," so he was gratified in that line. Miss Jeannie McLean donated a bound volume of Harper's Monthly. Mr. S. F. Warren sent macaroni, cheese, and cucumber pickles. E. J. Curley sent a cask of whisky, and Mr. Johns a jug of distilled water. Mrs. Maria Dudley, whose name always appears on the list, gave old linen, and a padlock and chain for the ice chest. Mr. Spanier, a vendor of tinware, gave three tin boilers. Mrs. S. H. Allen, another whose heart is in the work, gave three china bowls. C. A. Johns donated a nasal atomizer, and Dr. McClure, two pus basins. Mrs.

Taylor, the matron, gave a set of muffin rings. This closes the list to the 19th inst., but there is scarcely a day without some contribution. This report does not include the yield from the nurses' engagements outside, which must reach nearly two hundred dollars. Stanhope Totten, the lad who has been ill all winter, is better now, and so grateful that he sent one round silver dollar as his offering. This is not the first gift from the children of Mr. A. I. Totten, and this dollar was a donation to the boy while so extremely ill. He has put it to a noble use.

THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS was cozy and peaceful in the waning daylight when I called. The bell, which always rings with a peal, brought Flip to the door, now grown to be much more than an armful, or a lapful, and he was wild with frolic. He seemed too, to monopolize Aunt Amy, and I found out why he was so happy when she said in sorrowful tones that Dick was dead. Yes—Dick the saucy, the wise, the tyrant of the kitchen, Aunt Amy's playmate, is dead. He got to be too impertinent for his own good. One day he pecked at an unfriendly heel, which lost no time in kicking him on his little feathered stomach. He fell down in a fit and rolled over and over, she said; but afterwards he "peerted up." Then he got fastened up in the coal cellar for some hours. Aunt Amy missed him and began a search. Peering into the darkness she said, "Dick, Dick." "Clear out! Clear out!" he screamed irritably; so she let him be for a while. When next she went he lay, toes up, and made no sign. Whether Flip got the best of him in a fight, for they were always at it, or whether the kick aforesaid gave a mortal hurt will never be known. Matron Mary buried him, and poor, widowed Biddy refused outright to hatch her eggs. "She won't lay, either," explained Aunt Amy seriously, "unless I put her on the nest and tell her she must." But Flip has it all his own way now and insisted on treating me as his best friend. I saw all the old ladies, but lingered longest by the firelight to hear

AUNT PATSY'S STORY. She was glad of a chat with a visitor. She and Mother Steele sit in opposite corners and talk till tired of each other. She told how she lost two husbands, one little daughter of each marriage coming into the world after the father's eyes were closed in death, both of whom are dead now. Then of the struggle to live alone, followed by the kindness of relatives, till at last the Home was the only place left. "And here I've been for seven years. I would not leave here for a home with the richest person in Kentucky. I have all I want." "Yes," said blind Mother Steele, who sat listening and trimming her finger nails, "we have a good home, plenty to eat, a good Matron, and

we never want to leave." "But oh!" sighed Aunt Patsy, "if it would please the good Lord to prepare me and call me now, right now, what a blessing! Ninety-two years and better have I come. I have to be waited on now. Maybe I'll get so I can't do anything at all. How much better if I could end it all." And then I drew her thoughts to her carpet balls. She had made twenty-nine since my last visit, she and her blind companion. She had pleasant incidents to tell of the lady managers. Meanwhile Flip had been capering about us as we sat close together. "Get out," she cried sharply, and added, as he veered off and shook his head cunningly from side to side with eyes shining, "he's a fine pup, but I'm afraid he'll hurt my side,"—the lame side.

Dear friends, there are many of my readers who say they like to hear of these humble ones and their dumb playmates. A workingman met me on the street and said, "I read your letter Sunday till I cried. Here is a dollar for the paper, I want to do what I can to help."

A happy Easter tide to all.
 Yours in Christian fellowship,
 AUNT JEAN.

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 Lonesome.

BY E. D. P.
 "Mama, has God got any more Dust up in Heaven?" "Why, my dear?"
 "Because," said May, "if He has got
 Some more nice dust away up there, I wish He'd make"—and she laughed with glee,
 "A little brother to play with me."

Little Johnny—I say, pa, what does a "star" mean?
 Pa (who is an actor and has starred)—It is an abbreviation of starvation, my son.—Texas Siftings.

FAUNTLEROY ON THE BIRTH OF THE DIAMOND.
 L. L. Fauntleroy—Dearest, don't jewelers set big diamonds?
 Mrs. Fauntleroy—Yes, Cedric.
 L. L. Fauntleroy—Well, dearest do the big diamonds hatch out little ones?—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Record from now till September 1st for 50 cents.
 New Subscribers.

Col. R. E. Edmonson, Mrs. Myrtie Mayfield, Mrs. Joseph Brower, (the last two handed in by Mrs. Cronly), Mr. W. C. Aubrey, Mrs. Mary Irvine, and Mrs. F. Gorton, of Rochester, N. Y.

Too Hard.
 BY E. D. P.
 Said Johnny, "I shall never learn. The catechism, mamma, see. If they have not a kittenchism, For very little boys like me."
 Subscribe for The Record.